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Poems

Pastoral and Psalm



Benjamin Copeland

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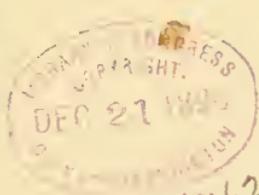
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POEMS

PASTORAL AND PSALM

BY ✓
REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND
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POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

HERALD of the happy year,
Robin redbreast, art thou here ?
Welcome to thy destined goal;
Welcome, songster of the soul !

Age and Childhood find in thee
Kindred bond of sympathy;
Hope and Memory are one
In thy song's sweet unison.

Common freehold all hearts claim
In thy nature's artless aim;
Best of priests and poets, thou,
Singing on the leafless bough.

Mead and mountain, wood and wold,
Wait the rapture manifold,
Which shall prove thee saint and seer,
Dearest minstrel of the year !

Every note like April rain—
Thou transmutes, in thy strain,
With the season's subtle power,
Winter's dearth to summer's dower.

Glows the mold with vernal fire
Kindled by thy love's desire;
Nature wakens, at thy call,
To her Easter festival.

Mateless messenger divine!
Peerless privilege is thine:
Thou interpretest to Faith
The deep mystery of death.

THE MEADOW AIR IS SWEET.

THE meadow air is sweet,—
The cowslip's cup of gold
Is full of fresh and fragrant dew,—
More full than it can hold.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The blackbird's mellow note,
Like water in a little brook,
Flows gurgling from his throat.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The stream that cheers the lea
Will feel the willow's tender kiss,
E'en to the distant sea.

The meadow air is sweet,—
Hark! from the old elm tree—
Ah! only lovers understand
The oriole's ecstasy.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The clover, handsome—white,
With dainty odors woos the bee,
And fills her with delight.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The bobolink is there!
When he is mute a faery flute
Seems echoing in the air.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The daisy in the grass
Looks up to see the clouds, and feel
Their shadow as they pass.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The swallow flashes by,
Too merry for a moment's rest
Between the earth and sky.

The meadow air is sweet,—
The day wanes in the west,
And twilight's soothing shadows lull
The weary world to rest.

A CONTRAST.

IN the green silence of this sylvan shore
How servile seems the city's ceaseless roar!
How vain the restless rivalry for pelf!
How low the aim that centers all in self!

The penury of Pride—the sordid care
Of souls despoiled of poetry and prayer—
Seems in these happy shades to be
The comedy of misery.

THE GOAL.

SWEET scents, sweet sounds, sweet scenes!
With all that intervenes
In sweeter solemn silences profound,—
Whereinto overflows,
In forest, river, rose,
Passionless being, beauty without bound.

How deep the mind's repose!
The vagrant sea breeze blows
With kindred pulses through the fragrant
shade;
And sod and soul are blent
In blest enfranchisement,—
Prefiguring the end for all things made.

For life and love, supreme
Beyond Isaiah's dream,
Shall bear all being to its blissful goal;
The wondrous word is true:
“ Lo! I make all things new;”—
The universe is ransomed with the soul.

UNANSWERED.

WHITHER away, ye argosies of Heaven,
In solemn state advancing from afar ?
What mission marshals you ? What chival-
rous emprise
Darkens the glory of the sapphire skies ?
Say, was your empire's ancient quiet riven
With rumor ominous of distant wrong and
war ?
Or speed ye forth with snowy sails unfurled,
And radiant pennons shimmering in the haze,

To bring with proper pomp, to his empyreal
 throne,
Your monarch with his bride ?—*he loveth her
 alone,*—
Dear daughter of the Sun, the peerless virgin
 world,
Long cloistered in his bosom's brightest rays.

No answer but a deeper shadow cast,—
And lo! the splendid mystery has passed.

EASTER ANTICIPATED.

HARK! 'tis the Robin, poet-priest,
 Absolves rude Winter's wrong:
The heart of Nature is released,
 And soareth out in song.

UNDER THE MOON.

BEAUTIFUL Luna, bride of the night!
Sweet is the sheen of thy soft silver light;
On castle and cottage in splendor it streams,
Blessing the earth with its bountiful beams.

Thou cheerest the vigils of shepherd and seer;
To sailor and lover alike thou art dear;
Forever and ever thy kingdom shall be:—
The heart owns thy sway like the tides of the
sea.

HEART'S-EASE.

THE day will not give place to night,—
The darkness pierces like the light;
My care prolongs the noontide glare,
And makes a desert everywhere.
O! what will ease a burning brain,
And the weariness that is worse than pain?

.

Think of twilight and the dew,—
The stars serenely shining through
The tranquil depths of peaceful blue;
Muse on the moon's majestic grace;
How worshipful her radiant face
In midnight's solemn loneliness!
Nature is silent unto God—
His comforts are exceeding broad.

.

Receive the word his works declare:
“The peace of God is everywhere.”
Too weak for praise, too faint for prayer,
The benediction of the air

Be thine whose lot it is to share
 Life's ceaseless, slow-corroding care.
 Be still, and breathe the balm divine,
 Arcturus' joy, Orion's wine ;
 So shalt thou know the blessed law
 Whence stars their strength and beauty
 draw,
 Inheriting their influence
 In quietness and confidence,
 And ever, cheerfully as they,
 Press onward in thy heavenward way.

THE REWARD.

FROM green to gold
 The year grows old,
 With beautiful increase;
 The seasons wane
 To ripened grain
 And Nature's deepest peace.

The same sure plan
 Is thine, O man!
 Alike for sod and soul,
 The law of love—
 Enthroned above—
 That guides thee to thy goal.

*Have faith in God;—
Who gives the clod
 Its meed of fruit or flower.
Shall crown thy cares,
Thy tears, thy prayers,
 With an immortal dower.*

STRUGGLE AND REST.

My life was overcast with care,
And doubt pursued me everywhere;
Still farther into gloom unknown
I wandered desolately lone,
Till, in the depths of self-despair,
The darkness deepened into prayer;
And lo! when hope was almost gone,
The midnight brightened into dawn.

Around my heart was drawn the coil
Of cheerless, unrelenting toil;
Nor any respite could I find,
Nor any comfort for the mind,
When His dear cross appeared to me,
Whose service is true liberty;—
The thought of Jesus brought me rest,
And meekness made my burden blest:

COMPENSATION.

DEEP calleth unto deep;—the heart
 That dwelleth from the world apart
 Is sometimes doubly sad;
 But lo! the light that overflows!
 The desert blossoms like the rose,—
 The wilderness is glad!

The faith serene, the lofty cheer,
 The love triumphant over fear,—
 A paradise below!
 Such is the treasure each may find,
 (The rapture of a quiet mind,)
 And such, in part, bestow.

BETRAYED.

DECEIVED, deflowered, despoiled!
 O drooping lily, late with light aglow!
 Around thy root is coiled
 The hidden horror of a nameless woe.

Deceived, defiled, despoiled!
 Is there no healing for a broken heart?
 O God! hadst thou but foiled
 The fatal spell of the betrayer's art.

Deceived, despised, despoiled!
The blight has fallen on thy peerless
bloom;
To bless thy bridal eager ages toiled;—
A moment's glamour leaves thee endless
gloom.

MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

UNDER her heart her sorrow,
Under her heart her shame,—
And darker than death the morrow
With the brand of the whole world's
blame.

Under her heart her glory,—
O rapture that knows no alloy!
Blest Mary! thy travail's sweet story
Shall waken the whole world's joy.

OTHER SHEEP.

PAGAN, Papist, Protestant!
What is that to thee or me?
Make not Heaven's mercy scant
With thy pampered bigotry.

Who made thee the judge to be
Of thy brother's destiny?
Deem not that thy shibboleth
Holds the keys of life and death.

Ah, that secret, sullen sign!
Call it not decree divine;
For a letter, more, or less,
Measures not God's tenderness.

"Other sheep I have," said One
Who was more than Mary's son;
Eyes as blind as thine shall see
His amazing charity.

When it claims the judgment throne,
What is creed but craft and cant?
God will surely know his own—
Pagan, Papist, Protestant.

NIAGARA.

MAJESTIC symbol of eternal power!
Dread oracle of eons all unknown!
Before thy presence Pomp and Passion
cower,—
All men are equal at thy awful throne.

Abashed, the eager babble of the mart,
To silence shamed, the vulgar greed for gain;
No more ambition goads the weary heart,
And Toil forgets its unrequited pain.

Stern type of Truth's inexorable law!
No room remains for envy or for pride;
Here prince and pauper stand in common awe,
Swayed by the spell of thy resistless tide.

A rushing, seething Sinai,—thou dost pour
On sluggish consciences the solemn sense
Of justice infinite: thy thunder's roar
Declares to Wrong relentless recompense.

Against our arrogance thy strength doth
plead;
Deep unto deep imperiously calls;
Impartial annalist! the nations read
Their transient glory on thy ageless walls.

Yet dost thou deign to dower the moment's
need,—
Our dreams exceeding by thy bounteous
sway;
With power unrivaled thy proud flood shall
speed
The New World's progress toward Time's
perfect day.

O mighty monitor! O seer sublime!
 The soul's surpassing grandeur thou dost
 show;
 The fountains of thy immemorial prime
 Through man's immortal being freely flow.

LET IN THE LIGHT!

LET in the light!
 The sky is bright,
 The air is flowing free;
 The mountains glow,
 The vale, below,
 Is holding jubilee.

Let in the light!—
 Sad oversight
 To miss so sweet a morn;
 The vision flies,
 Awake! arise!
 Each dawn is life reborn.

Let in the light!
 O! read aright
 The day's Apocalypse;
 Its hours enfold
 The age of gold,
 And all thy dreams eclipse.

Let in the light!
'Twill soon be night;
Prize every moment given;
With all thy might
Serve thou the right,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

O, THE sky is blue above me,
And the earth beneath is green,
And softly bright the flowing light
Floods the boundless space between.

But what if the day should darken,
And death's dread shadows fall?
I need not fear; with heaven so near,
Why should the night appall?

'Tis but the peaceful portal
Unto a morn immortal;
For the light that once gladdened the gar-
den's deep gloom
At last shall transfigure all blight into bloom.

For over and under the soul's sore strife
Is the blessed law of an endless life;
From the sod to the stars, and the stars to
the sod,
Sways the everlasting love of God.

A PROPHECY.

O HAPPY, happy, happy boy!
Let me tell you all your joy;
Let me whisper in your ear
All the secret of the seer.
Let me tell your fortune fair
To the wide and wandering air;
Let me share my rapture rare
With the social, songful air,—
With the gentle, genial air,
Kind to laughter and to prayer.

Whatsoe'er the world may say,
You shall have the right of way:
You shall laugh, and you shall play,
And, in merry roundelay,
Dance with jolly faun and fay;
You shall have the wealth of May
For your dowry every day.

Nature, from her frailest spar
To her oldest, utmost star,
All her miracles shall bring
For your blissful wondering;—
You shall be her priest and king.
Knowing what was never known,
Reaping what was never sown,
You shall feel the world your own,

On your universal throne.
And, in holy place apart,
(Blessed are the pure in heart!)
In a halo of delight,
Jubilant with glorious might,
You shall walk with God in white.

This is all was shown to me
Of the child's futurity;
What the youth and man will be—
Sealed is in mystery.
Scarcely can his angel see,
Face to face with Deity,
Farther into certainty.
God exceed the prophecy!
God be better to the boy
Than the parent's dream of joy.

LITTLE RUTH.

I CANNOT feel that she is gone
So far, so far away;
Her little heart close to my own
Is beating day by day.

Ah! tender are these human ties;
May heaven at last reveal
Why on her eyes a slumber lies
E'en tears cannot unseal.

A look this darkness would displace
With a divine delight;
The soul's rare grace in her fair face,
It was a blessed sight!

Her hair a happy halo wore
That lit the hearth and hall;
Alas! no more my study door
Heeds her confiding call.

Dear lips! where mirth and music wrote
The lore in Eden sung;
Seemed every note from her sweet throat
By elf or angel strung.

The robin, hark! is here again,
To woo the wondrous child;
But all in vain his ardent strain,—
Death may not be beguiled.

Sleep, Baby, sleep; we will not weep,
Nor moan or murmur make;
But O! how deep the dreamless sleep!
Would God she might awake.

Asleep? awake! the Shepherd takes
His little lamb above;
And where she wakes the morning breaks
In everlasting love.
.

But I cannot feel that she is gone
So far, so far away;
For her little heart close to my own
Keeps beating day by day.

WHERE THERE IS NO MORE PAIN.

THE sharpest pang, the tenderest tear,
Not yet are known to thee,
Unless thy heart has learned how dear
A little grave can be.

A little grave—but O, how wide
The room it left for grief!
A grief which, like the ebbing tide,
Returns without relief.

Dear child! by death made doubly dear,
God grant it may not be
That thou in heaven should'st ever hear
How much we mourn for thee.

One after one the seasons wane,—
Our loss, it grows not less;
Time's balm is vain to heal the pain
Of such a loneliness.

O little grave, that darkened so
 The path by Sorrow trod,
 Sometimes the sunset's golden glow
 Rests on thy daisied sod;—

And then we feel that God is good,
 And we take heart again,
 Assured 'twill all be understood
 Where there is no more pain.

Where there is no more pain—'tis there,
 'Tis there we long to be;
 O Thou, who didst our sorrows bear,
 Bring us to dwell with thee!

Where there is no more pain—how blest
 Love's kingdom, fadeless, fair!
 That blissful rest naught shall molest,—
Death cannot enter there.

AMONG THE LILIES.

AMONG the lilies she lies asleep,
 Our Easter lily, so fair and sweet,—
 A flower too fair and frail to keep
 Where love with sorrow and pain must meet.

Among the lilies in Paradise
(O sweeter than Eden, God's garden above!)
Stands a little child,—and the same dear eyes
Look up into ours with immortal love.

Among the lilies! Lord, grant that we
With the pure in heart thy face may see,
And find with our loved and our lost a home
Where pain and sorrow can never come.

FORGOTTEN?

By ties as tender as our tears
Our hearts still hold to thee;—
Dear child! death cannot blight the years
Of immortality.



“IN THE BEGINNING, GOD.”

“In Him we live, and move, and have our being.”

OUR FATHER.



ADORATION.

SOLE Source of being, blessed God!
Of love the Fountain and the Sea,
Thy glorious name alone we laud,—
Our springs, O Lord, are all in thee.

In all our paths thy truth we trace,—
Thy goodness, infinite, unknown;
Our everlasting dwelling place,
In thee we live, in thee alone.

To children's children still endure
Thy ceaseless care, thy changeless love;
Thy covenanted mercies, sure,
Shall never, nevermore remove.

O happiness without alloy!
We soon with all thy saints shall come,
With songs and everlasting joy,
To Zion, our eternal home.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!
To thee be endless glory given;
O be thy name by all adored,
For evermore, in earth and heaven.

CONFIDING IN GOD.

FROM thy commandments, Lord,
 O let me never stray;
 According to thy word
 Do thou direct my way.

Be every moment near,—
 Alone I dare not go,—
 And with thy presence cheer
 My pilgrimage below.

Forever in thy sight,
 No harm can happen me;
 The darkness and the light
 Are both alike to thee.

E'en death shall serve thy will,—
 Controlled by thy command;
 No change can work me ill,—
 “ My times are in thy hand.”

In this I sweetly rest,—
 Instructed from above,—
Whatever is, is best;
 For thou, O Lord, art love.

PROVIDENCE.

O GOD, our shield! our strong defense,
 Sure staff of souls distress'd,
 Beneath thy watchful providence,
 Thy saints securely rest.

No want have they who seek thy face;
 No good wilt thou withhold
 From them that walk in righteousness,
 The flock of thine own fold.

From strength to strength thy servants go,
 Delighting in thy will;
 Triumphant over every foe,
 They stand on Zion's hill.

Forever blessed be thy name,—
 And let the whole earth be
 The temple of thy glorious fame,
 And thy salvation see.

ANNIVERSARY PRAISE.

O SOVEREIGN Love, eternal Power!
 Whose grace hath brought us to this hour,
 Thy covenanted mercies, sure,
 To children's children still endure.

Our fathers' God! to thee we raise
In cheerful song our grateful praise,—
And laud and magnify and bless
Thy everlasting faithfulness.

For blessings on our infant days,
For guidance through life's later maze,
For present good, for hope of heaven,
To thee be endless glory given.

Our children, Lord, with pious care,
We consecrate to thee in prayer;
O, be thou tender to our tears,—
O, be thou better than our fears.

In all our pilgrimage below,
O, may thy presence with us go;
And grant us grace henceforth to be
In sweetest fellowship with thee.

For service, or for suffering, Lord,
In thee we seek our sole reward,—
Content, in life and death, to prove
The comforts of redeeming love.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the sea,
Make known thy matchless majesty;
Rebuke the raging of the deep,
And bid its surging billows sleep.

Great God, regard thy servants' prayer,
And grant us, still, thy gracious care;
Spare us, O Lord; our lives prolong,
And turn our sorrow into song.

Out of the depths we cry to thee;
O, let us thy salvation see!
Thy tender pity may we prove,—
Thy changeless, everlasting love.

Through gloom and tempest guide our way;
The sea is thine—it owns thy sway;
The winds and waves obey thy will,
Hushed when they hear thy "*Peace, be still!*"

On thee alone our hope is stayed;
O, be thou our unfailing aid,
Till, in the haven of thy breast,
We share thy saints' eternal rest.

THE SANCTUARY.

How amiable thy courts!
Thy temple, Lord, how fair!
How pleasant, still, to lowly hearts,
Thy tabernacles are.

Thither the tribes go up,—
Thy chosen Israel,—
With voice of saintly jubilee
Thy faithfulness to tell.

How excellent they stand,
The gates of praise and prayer!
Would God my weary, fainting soul
Might dwell forever there.

Before the mercy seat
We find our faith's reward:
A heart made holy to behold
The beauty of the Lord.

Thy ceaseless love, O Christ,
Our pilgrimage shall cheer,
Till, crowned with everlasting joy,
In glory we appear.

"IN QUIET RESTING PLACES."

MORE rest we want, O God!

More rest from self and sin,
More silence for serener thought,
The soul's true goal to win.

Without, the strife of tongues,

Within, a wayward will;—

O Jesus, Saviour! speak, and say,
"Peace, troubled heart, be still."

In quiet confidence

We then shall sweetly rest,
And in thy gentleness, O Lord,
For evermore be blest.

THE SEASONS ARE THY SERVANTS.

THE seasons are thy servants, Lord!

Obedient to thy will,
Thy everlasting covenant
They faithfully fulfill.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!

Summer and winter bring
Rich blessings from thy gracious hand,—
The bounty of the King.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!
 Why should thy children fear?
 With loving-kindness manifold
 Thou crownest every year.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!
 The sunshine and the rain;
 The seedtime and the harvest blend
 In our eternal gain.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!
 Thy changeless love we laud,
 And magnify, with grateful joy,
 The goodness of our God.

ASPIRATION AND REST.

O God, of love the *Fountain* and the *Sea!*
 My fainting soul pants ceaselessly for thee;
 Earth's bitter streams no comfort can
 supply,—
 For thee, for thee, the living God, I sigh.

No more below my wayward wishes roam,—
 My heart, at last, is conscious of its home;
 My portion thou, my refuge and my rest;—
 O gracious Saviour, take me to thy breast.

But O, my brothers! comfortless as I,—
Alike we languish, and alike we die;
Be merciful, O God, and hear the prayer
Of every fainting spirit everywhere.

In the dear shelter of thy tranquil breast,
O Love divine, a weary world would rest;
The whole creation travaileth for thee,
O God, of love the Fountain and the Sea!

THE LARGER LIFE.

My years are very few, O God!
More rapidly they pass
Than clouds whose transient tale is told
In shadows on the grass.

My years are very few, O God!
But they are full of thee,—
A drop of being in thy life's
Unfathomable sea.

My years are very few, O God!
O, let me clearly see
How they grow strong and beautiful
In thy immensity.

36 POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

My years are very few, O God!
The sum of them is small;
But each may serve thy blessed will,
And thou shalt have them all.

My years are very few, O God!
But, safe on sea or land,
I confidently journey on,—
My times are in thy hand.

My years are very few, O God!
On earth, but not in heaven;—
To thee, eternal Life and Love,
Be endless praises given.

CHRIST IN SONG.



CHRISTMAS.

O HOLY, happy morning,
That saw the Saviour's birth!
The star, thy brow adorning,
Beams mercy on the earth.
For shepherds, and for sages,
Thy cheer, impartial, free,—
The travail of the ages
Finds recompense in thee.

My soul, be thou believing,—
No more thy past deplore;
In Christ all loss retrieving,
Rejoice for evermore.
By love unknown attended,
Thy weary watch and ward,—
Behold! the vision splendid!
The angel of the Lord!

And hark! the herald angel!
The radiant, rapturous throng!
The ravishing evangel
Floods all the hills with song:
“To God in heaven, glory,
Good will to men below;”
Speed, speed the blessed story,
That all the world may know.

Repeat it softly, slowly,
For still, in hut and hall,
Are lonely hearts, and lowly,
That hunger for it all.
Again—again the story!
Till sin and sorrow cease—
“To God, the Father, glory,
And to his children, peace.”

GOLD, AND FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH.

FAITHFUL, followed they the star
Faintly glimmering afar,
Till it rested o'er the way,
Where the Lord of glory lay.

Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,
Gave each regal worshiper,
Seeing, in the Babe divine,
Answer of the heavenly sign.

Lo! again the star appears,
Shining through our griefs and fears,—
Dayspring of the desolate—
Heaven stoops down to our estate!

By the path the wise men trod,
Seek we, too, th' incarnate God;
Blessed goal, where ends all strife:
Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Kneeling where the Magi knelt,
Feeling what the Magi felt,—
Of all nations the Desire,
Lord, to thee our souls aspire.

Hasten, heart of mine, to bring
From thy store fit offering;
Be a royal worshiper:
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh!

GOOD FRIDAY.

O OUTCAST Christ, rejected King!
O Man of sorrows, slain for me,
Accept a sinner's offering—
A thankful heart that clings to thee.

The purple robe, the taunt, the sneer,
The crown of thorns, the scourge, the
cross!
Remembering these, O Saviour dear,
I gladly reckon all things loss.

Could grief of mine make meet redress
For those dark hours of deepest woe,
O Lamb of God! O Prince of Peace!
My tears for evermore should flow.

On thee, the sinless One, was laid
 The guilt of all mankind, *and mine*;
 Thy grace the ransom doubly paid
 In human agony divine.

O Son of Mary! Son of God!
 Thou King of saints, enthroned above,
 Thy glorious name the world shall laud,
 And crown thy cross with wreaths of love.

THE RESURRECTION.

RELENTLESS as the council is the cross;
 The Nazarene is bruised and torn;—
 Mourn! ye despised disciples, mourn!
 Priest, scribe, and elder triumph in your loss.

The watch is set,—the sepulcher is sure;
 Death and the grave and Rome unite—
 Triumvirate of matchless might—
 To make Sin's vaunted victory secure.

Secure? With sudden awe the aged earth
Feels him alive within the tomb;
 And lo! emerging from the gloom,
 The brightest morning since creation's birth!

The nations see the Dayspring from on high,
And greet the mighty miracle
With songs that shake the gates of hell.
And animate the anthems of the sky.

EASTER-TIDE.

EASTER bells are ringing,
Easter anthems rise,
Age and Childhood singing
Strains that seek the skies:
Seek their source, ascending
Where, in rapture sweet,
Song and service blending,
Saint and seraph meet.

“Christ, the Lord, is risen!”
Wondering angels cry;
“Broken, Death’s dread prison!”
Sons of men reply.
Blessed song and story!
Doubt and fear depart,—
Resurrection glory
Floods the faithful heart.

Purest, purest pleasure
In each bosom wells;
Happy, happy measure—
How the choral swells!

By that song supplanted,
Wrath and wrong shall cease;
From this hour undaunted
Reigns the Prince of Peace.

Easter lilies, blowing,
Breathe his praise abroad,—
All their grace bestowing
On the Son of God.
Lo! his brow adorning,
Kings their homage pay;
Hark! the stars of morning
Hail his boundless sway.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

A STRONG and sure foundation
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord,—
Before the world's creation
The everlasting Word!
His power, supreme, unbounded,
He pledges to his own;
On him their hope is grounded
Securely as God's throne.

What though the tempest rages?
No harm his cause sustains;
Built on the Rock of Ages,
Unmoved the Church remains.

His word shall stand forever,—
Nor shall one letter fail:
“ The gates of hell shall never
Against my Church prevail.”

From God all grace receiving,
The saints, below, above,
In Christ their King believing,
Shall triumph through his love.
O happy, happy Zion!
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Is Judah’s mighty Lion,
Who shall forever reign!

The Rock of our salvation,—
To thee, O Christ, we raise,
In grateful adoration,
The voice of prayer and praise;
Our common faith confessing,
Thy cross the world shall crown
With glory, honor, blessing,
And infinite renown.

LIGHT OF LIGHT.

Of transient symbol the eternal Truth,
In thee, O Christ, the soul’s sure light we find;
Vision and dream of Age and eager Youth,
Thou pourest heaven on every humble mind.

ALL IN ALL.

O LILY, Rose, and Fountain!
 O Dayspring from above!
 O Sun, and Sea, and Mountain—
 Immeasurable Love!
 Sweet Jesus, Shepherd, Saviour,
 May we thy glory see,
 And share thy joy forever,
 Incarnate Deity!

A MISSIONARY LYRIC.

LAMB of the riven side,—
 Lord of lords glorified!
 Victim and Victor, thee we adore;
 Shepherd of Israel,
 Saviour from death and hell,
 Mighty Immanuel! reign evermore.

Lion of Judah,
 From Brahm and from Buddha
 Seize for thy glory the sea and the land;
 Where age-long error thralls,
 Where blackest night appalls,
 There, with her radiant walls, let Zion stand.

The gates of the morning,
 Thy temple adorning,
 Shall beacon the uttermost isles of the sea;
 And nations, now unknown,
 Shall bow before thy throne,
 And thee their Sovereign own, with saintly
 jubilee.

Orient and Occident,
 Hail Him the Father sent!
 Greet him with shoutings and joyfully sing;
 On love's blest mission bent,
 Through Death's wide realm he went
 Conq'ror omnipotent; crown him your King!

Martyr with gory brow,
 Monarch in glory, now,
 Victim and Victor, thee we adore;
 Shepherd of Israel,
 Saviour from death and hell,
 Mighty Immanuel! reign evermore.

IN THE MORNING, JESUS.

IN the morning, Jesus,
 Let me see thy face,
 Altogether lovely,
 Full of truth and grace.

In the morning, Jesus,
Let me hear thy voice;
Speak, and let thy servant
All the day rejoice.

In the morning, Jesus,
Manifest thy love,—
Peace, and power, and blessing,
Bringing from above.

In the morning, Jesus,
Show thy cross to me;
Then, dear Lord, I'll suffer
Cheerfully for thee.

Every morning, Jesus,
Every evening, bless;
Shelter me forever
With thy righteousness.

In the morning, Jesus,
When thy saints shall rise,
Bring me, with the blessed,
Into Paradise.

PENITENTIAL.

AT thy cross, O Christ, to thee
 Low I bow the suppliant knee;
 Cast, O, cast me not away,—
 Help a fainting soul to pray.

Sinful, sorrowful, I wait
 For a look compassionate;
 Surely thou wilt pity one
 So forsaken and undone.

Tell me, Jesus, if it be
 That thy blood was shed for me;
 In thy wounds, O, let me see
 Pardon, peace, and purity!

From the uttermost degree
 Of a sinner's misery,
 Mighty Victor, rescue me;
 Set my captive spirit free.

O that I might have a place
 In the kingdom of thy grace!
 There the penitent are blest,—
 There the weary are at rest.

Saviour, may I call thee mine?
 Yes,—for thou dost own me thine;
 Lo, 'tis written in my heart—
 Mine, forever mine, thou art.

Unto thee be glory given
Evermore in earth and heaven;
Be thy name by all adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

“FAINT, YET PURSUING.”

BREATHE on us thy benediction,
Lord of glory, Prince of Peace!
Comfort us in our affliction,
Bid our fears and doubtings cease.
Shepherd of our souls and Saviour,
Who, alone, the wine press trod,
Well thou knowest the world's behavior,
Man of sorrows, Lamb of God!

Therefore, in their tribulation,
Turn thy weary saints to thee,
Seeking, in thy sure salvation,
Peace and power and victory.
Strangers here, and pilgrims lowly,
Eagerly we follow thee,
Longing to be with the holy
Who in heaven thy glory see.

Often faint, yet still pursuing,
All thy footsteps would we trace,
Day by day our hope renewing,
Till we see thee face to face.

There, thy glorious throne surrounding,—
Every pain and peril past,—
We will sing thy grace abounding,
More than conquerors at last.

SALUS PER CHRISTUM.

COME, thou Desire of nations, come,
And make thy promised kingdom sure;
Establish in our hearts the throne
Which shall eternally endure.

In poverty and pain we wait
Thy glorious coming from above;
Make haste, O Christ, compassionate,
Make haste, make haste, Immortal Love!

Come, in thy plenitude of grace,
And satisfy thy people's need;
Come, in the greatness of thy strength,
And make us, Jesus, free indeed.

Grant us thy peace, dear Son of God;—
To us the Holy Ghost be given;
In thee the Father's fullness dwells,—
All, all is thine, in earth and heaven.

Infinite power belongs to thee,—
Thou hast the keys of death and hell;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Our Lord, our God,—Immanuel!

SUPPLICATION.

JESUS, King of kings, most holy,
Pity us in station lowly,—
Lonely pilgrims, wending slowly
Toward the city where thou dwellest.

Thou dost see us, weak and weary,
In the wilderness so dreary,
Mourning that we are not near thee,
In thy home so fair and blissful.

Yet thy promises do cheer us;
And thy Spirit, ever near us,
Bids us pray, for thou wilt hear us,
And afford us help and comfort.

Hear thou, now, our supplication,
And relieve our sore privation
With the strength of thy salvation,
King eternal and almighty!

Mercifully guard and guide us,
Lest the curse of sin betide us,
And an entrance be denied us
To thy glorious palace golden.

Once for sinners bruised and wounded,
Now by heavenly hosts surrounded—
All thine enemies confounded—
Be thou evermore our Saviour.

IN THY LIKENESS.

On my heart engrave thy cross,
Blessed Saviour, Love divine!
Evermore, in gain or loss,
Let me bear that sacred sign.

In my heart thy love enthrone;
More and more thy rule increase;
Thine the kingdom, thine alone,
Lord of glory, Prince of Peace!

To my heart—no longer mine—
Grant the fullness of thy grace;
Living, dying, own me thine,
Till I see thee face to face.

With thy likeness crowned at last,
O, what rapture it will be,
When the night of death is past,
Evermore to dwell with thee.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

O JESUS, sole, sufficient source
Of hope that heals the sad heart's strife,
Direct us on our darkened course,
Thyself the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Thou knowest the way we take, O Lord!
Didst thou not prove its painful length?
Help of the helpless, still afford
Thy pitying love, thy tender strength.

In every trial, every care,
Thy patient footsteps may we see;
The sorrows of thy cross to share
Shall then our joy and glory be.

Secure in thy unchanging love,
No toil, no suffering will we flee,
Assured that death itself shall prove
The path that leads to heaven and thee.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

In the day of tribulation,
In the hour of sore temptation,
With the strength of thy salvation,
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

When no more the heart may borrow
Hope and courage from the morrow,—
In the darkest depths of sorrow,
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

When all aid is unavailing,
Flesh and heart together failing,
Sin and death the soul assailing,—
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

On thy word alone relying,—
Never thy dear name denying,—
O, forsake me not when dying!
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

Crowned, at last, in light supernal,
Victor over foes infernal,—
With thy love, supreme, eternal,
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY GUEST!

HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Guest,
Make thy home within my breast;
Yearns for thee my weary heart,—
Come, and nevermore depart.

Where thou dwellest peace abides,—
Grace surpassing all besides,—
Priceless treasure, pure and blest,
Earnest of eternal rest.

God's dear will be done in me
Even as it pleaseth thee;
Only let me fully prove
The sweet comfort of thy love.

Cheerfully, for Jesus' sake,
May I every burden take,—
Glad to trace the pathway trod
By the suffering Son of God.

Blessed Comforter and Guide,
Keep me near the Saviour's side,
Till I in his likeness rise,
Crowned with bliss beyond the skies.

HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE!

HOLY SPIRIT, Light divine!
On our souls in mercy shine;
Gates of heaven again unfold;—
Haste, for Time is waxing old.

On the Church of Jesus shower
All thy plenitude of power;
Heal earth's bitterness and strife
With the Saviour's love and life.

Over all created things
Brooded, once, thy blessèd wings;
Groans the world with grief and pain;—
Dove divine! descend again.

"THE DAY OF CHRIST."

THE Son of man will come,—
His promise cannot fail;
The royal Conqueror
Shall over all prevail;
And Earth shall hear his summons dread,
And Death and Hell give up their dead.

Ten thousand thousand saints
His coming shall attend,—
And underneath his feet
The firmament shall rend;
And, prostrate at his judgment throne,
The world his sovereignty shall own.

O Son of Mary! hear
A helpless sinner's prayer,
And, on that awful day,
Make me thy gracious care;
O, be my heart's sure hope and stay
When the wide heavens shall flee away.

Keep faithful watch, my soul,
And pray "Thy kingdom come;"
But leave it all to Him,
How he shall bring thee home;
The resurrection of the just
Shall recompense thy patient trust.

THE CONSUMMATION.

O SAVIOUR, whose surpassing grace
 Exceeds the guilt thy griefs atoned,
 The praises of a ransomed race
 Be thine, in highest heaven enthroned.

The Father's everlasting love
 Thy blessed life and death declare;
 And still, though crowned with bliss above,
 Our deepest sorrows thou dost share.

O Jesus, merciful and kind,
 The sad and sinful seek thy breast;
 Our souls in thee their solace find,—
 Our refuge thou, our only rest.

The goal is sure, O Guide divine!
 Again the stars of morning sing;
 All wills, all worlds, at last are thine,
 O Christ, Creator, Saviour, King!

ALL SAINTS.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,—
 Their shining ranks I see!
 With robes of light resplendent,
 And palms of victory!

The crowns they wear are golden,
And gemmed with jewels rare,—
Fair guerdon of the glory
They with their Saviour share.

Their home—the holy city,
Within whose ageless walls
No shade of sin, or sickness,
Or sorrow, ever falls;
For *He* is ever with them,
The Lamb, their life, their light,—
The joy of all the ransomed,
The saints' supreme delight.

Dear vision of the blessed—
How homelike heaven seems!
Sweet foretaste of the rapture
Exceeding all our dreams.
O Jesus, Shepherd, Saviour,
My guide and guardian be,
And bring me, through thy favor,
To dwell with them and thee.

OUR LIFE IS LENT.

OUR life is Lent:
Our years are spent
In penance for the past;

Our songs are sighs,
Our brightest skies
With clouds are overcast.

Our life is Lent:
The old lament—
“All, all is vanity;”
And Youth, in tears,
Awaits with fears
The morrow’s mystery.

Our life is Lent:
Lord, we repent
Each folly, fault, and fall;
Our best resolve
Do thou absolve,—
Forgive, forget it all.

Our life is Lent:
Our hearts are rent,
As we thy gifts recount,
And mark again,
With bitter pain,
“The pattern in the mount.”

Our life is Lent:
Our strength is spent;
O holy Judge, and just,

Receive our prayer,—
Poor sinners spare;
Remember we are dust!

Our life is Lent:
But Jesus went
 This way; in him confide;
'Twill soon be past;
Then, for thy fast,
 Eternal Easter-tide!

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be;”
The goal, the crown, but dimly we dis-
cern,—
For evermore from sin and sorrow free,
In that blest world for which we often yearn.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be;”
Eye hath not seen, nor was it ever told—
The height of honor we shall share with Thee,
Enthroned in light and rapture manifold.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be,”—
Redeemed from death and glorified above;
Enough, dear Lord, that we shall be like thee,
In that eternal life of cloudless love.

THE RAINBOW ROUND THE THRONE.

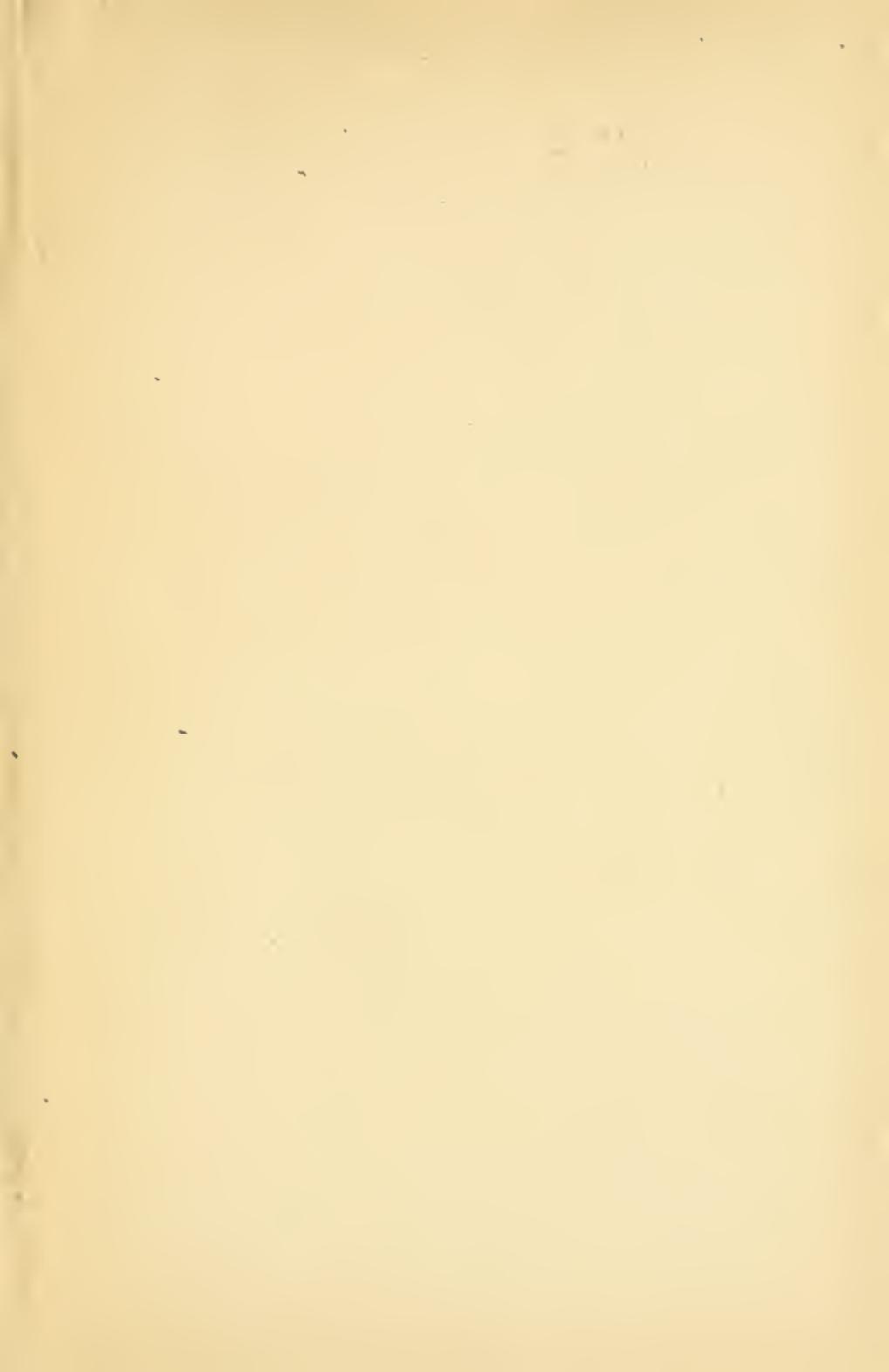
THE sunshine and the shadow—alternately
they flow
Across the fields of ether, across our hearts
below;
The gloom and glory blending in beauty
manifold,
The mists of morning ending in evening's
gates of gold.

Forever and forever our human lives are so—
The sunshine and the shadow, alternate weal
and woe;
Perpetually ascending, earth's mingled mirth
and moan,—
But lo! above us bending, the rainbow round
the throne!

Hold fast the heavenly vision; this hope thy
soul sustain—
All things shall work together for thy eternal
gain;
The mystery of sorrow, the mystery of pain,
Shall sure, some happy morrow, to every
heart be plain.







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